

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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The Christian Sun.

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

Table of Contents.

Our Chip Basket.....	193
A Sensible Young Woman.....	194
Chinese Girl Slaves—Puzzled About God....	195
Martyr Seed and Martyr Fruit in Africa....	196
How to Keep the Faith.—Sabbath Conversation.....	197
Am I a Christian?—Prayer should be a Fixed Habit.—Program for the 10th Annual Session of the N. C. and Va. Christian Sunday School Convention.....	198
The Pastors' Page.....	199
Field Notes.....	200
Persons—Will Your Excuse Save You?—Is There a God?.....	201
Children's Corner.—How to Love God.....	202
Hearing the word.—The Man that Fell Out.—Keep Busy—God's Plowing.—A Queenly Teacher.—Church Paupers.....	203
The Shipwrecked Freethinker.....	204
Be Careful How You Talk in the Family.....	205
A Second Thought.....	206
Sad Death.....	208

OUR CHIP BASKET.

The Y. M. C. A., has grown very rapidly. They now own property worth \$12,250,000 and have employed in service 1,083 persons as paid officials. They have 225,000 members and are spreading in all parts of the civilized world.

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Did you know that our earth is growing larger? It is said to be a fact, and in this way: An astronomer estimates that 146,000,000 of meteors strike the earth annually and they increase the size of the body. The law of growth is almost universal, and certainly there is not much real Christian living without growth in grace.

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The gifted original Talmage says: There never was a filthy street that remained a

moral street. How important an agency of reform cleanliness is was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked it was plunged into the deluge and kept under for months till its iniquity was soaked out of it.

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As an evidence of the prosperity of God's work in the United States there were built during the year 1890, 8,500 church houses; 4,900 ministers were ordained and a membership of 1,090,000 were added, in the various denominations. An increase of 25 per cent these figures ought to be added during the year 1891. Will you do your part to accomplish the work?

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So far as wealth is concerned our country is a sort of a desert—mostly dry and barren with a few oases—that is, masses are very poor, while a few are very rich. In all departments of wealth a few men stand as kings. In railroad circles, Jay Gould and a few others own nearly all. In the mercantile line the same is true, but not so largely. Even the land is owned largely in the same way. In Dakota Mr. Cass has a farm of 15,000 acres, Mr. Grandon 25,000 acres, and Mr. Dalrymple 40,000 acres, and so on in many of our states. In Scotland it is even worse: J. G. Heddlow owns 50,000 acres, the Duke of Montrose 68,000, Sir C. W. Ross 110,400 acres, Mr. Mackintosh 124,000 acres, the Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, the Duke of Athole 194,000 acres. Mr. Evan Baillie 300,000, and the Duke of South-erland 1,176,343 acres. These figures show some alarming facts for the safety of civilization in the twentieth century.

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The Richmond (Va.) Times of May 28, says:

The remark of professor Morilton, of Cambridge, "that more of hindrance to a pure literature in its highest sense comes out of the current journalism of our time than from any other discernable cause" has subjected him to the criticism of the press. The Atlanta Constitution is disposed to question the truth of the remark very decidedly, and in doing so declares quite justly that "the daily newspaper by making itself popular with all classes, is diffusing a general taste for reading, and an appreciation of the art of literature. It is a case of stooping to conquer, which must be judged not by posture or performance, but by results. Newspapers are sensational, but they are something more. The popularity which they achieve by putting the teeth of our literary friends on edge enables them to carry into every quarter the real literature of our time."

With all due respect to the Times the SUN

thinks he begs the question. It is not whether a taste for reading is diffused nor yet an appreciation of the art of literature, nor of putting on edge the teeth of literary friends nor of carrying the real literature of our times to every quarter, but it is the question of *hindering a pure literature* in its spread among the people. We believe Prof. Morilton is right, for a diffusion of a taste for reading, or an appreciation of the art of literature or putting teeth on edge, etc., may all be done without touching the question at issue—a *pure literature hindered by current journalism*.

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The discussion of "Woman, her Sphere and her Possibilities," has brought out many interesting facts. One thing we must admit, that woman's station often changes in the course of the ages. Things which are *womanly* in one period of the world's history, are *unwomanly* in another, and *vice versa*. To illustrate, it is said that once every husband in Egypt took an oath to obey his wife. Now women promises to obey her husband. This looks queer, but we feel sure if the noble Egyptian husbands kept their promises like the gentle American wives keep theirs, no decided gain was made in either case, for obedience is a greatly abused duty in the marriage relation as well as elsewhere. But that woman's possibilities are underestimated we freely admit, and yet we fear her "possibilities" may be to her what ambition was to certain angels, by it she may fall, and that means going from a higher to a lower condition. A writer (a woman) in the *Washington Review* (London) declares that Miss Anna Ella Carroll, of Maryland evolved the plans by which Gen. Grant achieved the subjugation of the "Confederate States," that Miss Carroll was requested not to make it public her part in the matter, that as a consequence, Grant sailed around the world as the hero of the Union, that now a great monument is being built to his memory, while Miss Carroll is a poor helpless old woman, unknown to the world, "unwept and unsung," although it was her brain that saved the Union. We do not know of the truth of this statement, but granting its reliability, does not Miss Carroll shine brighter in this role than she could have done in Gen. Grant's saddle? Retiring modesty adorned with true worth, sets like a gem in a crown, and although the crown is more showy, the gem is more valuable. The male bird God decked with rich and glittering plumage, while to the female he gave a paler hue, therein fitly emblemizing the gentle and pure character he gave her, making her less conspicuous, but not of less worth God gave woman a sphere of noble service and so He did man, but certainly he did not give them both the same sphere, as if he had, he would undoubtedly have made them alike and have given them the same qualifications for filling those spheres. If this be true is not the world getting out of joint?

A Sensible Young Woman.

BY H. A. H.

It was a pleasant room. In a boarding-house to be sure, but though it was not more than twelve by fourteen feet, and the articles of furniture nearly over-lapped each other all the way round, the room did not strike one as being cluttered or any thing but bright and orderly.

Possibly the young lady who sat by the window had stamped her personality on the inanimate objects; at least an unexpected friend coming in one day had exclaimed: "Your room looks just like you, Alice!" No wonder, since for five successive summers Miss Alice Gaylord had occupied the same room. She had learned what to bring and what to leave behind. A few books, a few photographs, two or three dainty baskets, a pretty scarf or two, and the deft touch which transformed "things" so that they became parts of a home. It was one of those houses where many strangers gather year after year but always with a good sprinkling of the habitués.

Since last year, however, there had been a change in Alice Gaylord's circumstances. She was not so very rich before; this season it was a question whether she could come at all. In just one way she could manage it. With a lady-like fondness for needle work she had often wrought beautiful designs, only to give them to admiring friends. Why not turn this accomplishment to account, secure her coveted outing, and take the room again which the successive seasons had made like a second home to her? Why not indeed?

On this particular day Miss Gaylord sat by her window humming a song, her needle glancing in and out of the pretty work which had always been such a pleasure. A knock at the door and the sweet voice stopped the song to speak the word "Come" after the manner of boarding-houses.

"Oh! Mrs. Marsden, I am glad to see you again. I had been thinking you would soon come to welcome me and renew old times. Do sit down. Are you well? I feared not or you would not have waited a day."

"Quite well, I thank you," was the somewhat constrained reply, but Miss Gaylord continued without noticing the bit of ice in her guest's tone.

"Do pardon me if I keep on with my work. This piece must be finished to-morrow night. Fortunately I can embroider and talk, too—you can testify to that. Only last summer I worked for love, and this summer it is for love and money besides."

All this with the most cheerful matter-of-fact air.

Was it possible Miss Gaylord did not realize what a difference the last motive made, and that it separated as far as from pole to

pole the last season from this? Didn't she comprehend that what was once equality was now a condescension on Mrs. Marsden's part. Apparently not.

That lady had come in with a laudable desire to be kind to Miss Gaylord, to show her that she was not above recognizing her now she was poor; in short to take on that patronizing manner which so many good people assume to those who have been unfortunate financially; and here was this young woman actually appearing to think they were on the same footing as before!

How should she enlighten her? She drew herself up as much as her diminutive figure would allow and began:

"Yes, I heard of your reverses and felt sorry, very sorry indeed."

This assertion was made with emphasis. "I think my influence may be of some help, but it will be hard for you."

"Why?" Alice Gaylord looked up steadfastly. If she thought anything more than the simple inquiry suggested she didn't let it appear. The eyes were like a child's in their direct questioning look.

Mrs. Marsden fidgetted and hesitated. "Why can't people understand disagreeable things without explanation?" she mentally queried.

Alice went on, apparently not noticing:

"I can't see why it will be hard for me. I have exactly the same room and the same comforts I have had every summer here. I used to do quantities of fancy work just for the fun of it. I believe I like it much better now that I have an object in view. Isn't this lovely?" She held up the dainty pattern for inspection.

"To-morrow night I shall get twenty dollars for it—that makes it lovelier. The old friends are coming back," she added, "You are here already."

Certainly the explanation didn't grow any easier.

"But there is a—sort of prejudice against a woman's earning money. She loses caste," said this conservative woman of antiquated ideas. It was out now and no mistake.

"You know society must draw the line somewhere," she continued. "I wouldn't have my little Mabel grow up to earn her living for anything. Why, you can tell such women as far as you can see them. Teachers now, what a positive air they all have. Look at your forefinger, it is full of pricks already—you'll be taken for a seamstress. You'll find out soon enough."

Mrs. Marsden paused breathlessly, and it must be confessed a little frightened. The Princess, as they used to call Miss Gaylord, was not exactly the person whom it was easy to address in this way.

Involuntarily Alice glanced at the pink and white finger. It was scarred a little, certainly, then she raised her eyes. Always she was the professor of a sweet gracious dig-

nity. Now it turned somewhat severe as she answered:

"Yes, I understand. I knew there used to be such idears afloat, but this is the first time they have sought to impress me. Let us put them into plain words. I am the same person I was last year. Whatever claims I had personally to the favor of any one then I have now. If I was a lady then, I am one now. The simple fact that I am poorer in dollars and cents is the only change. If to-morrow it should be known that I had received a handsome legacy, I should at once be re-instated" (a touch of scorn crept into the voice) "as your dear friend. That is what you are trying to tell me, Mrs. Marsden, only your kind heart will not let you put it quite so blantly?"

Was the girl sarcastic? Mrs. Marsden could not determine, it was not easy to meet those unflinching eyes.

But Alice would not forget that she was a lady, and she continued more gently: "Pardon me, Mrs. Marsden, if I spoke too plainly to one who is a guest in my room. I am sure you will see that it amounts to just what I say. I cannot believe that true friendship rests on so light a basis. It may be so among merely worldly women, but we are Christians." Her cheeks glowed as she went on. "It would be worth while to work simply as an experiment, even though one should sink in the social scale when the gold balance is small. One likes to know what is real."

Miss Gaylord never looked more like a Princess than when she rose to open the door and bow Mrs. Marsden out.

That little woman left with a vague feeling that the tables were turned somehow, and it was she who had been patronized. Nevertheless, she had some grains of common-sense, and could but own the case had been fairly stated. She had the grace to come back the next day and make amends.

"I did but look at the matter in a thoughtless, superficial way, Alice. I am ashamed to believe that I could put such an estimate on a friend plus money, as contrasted with the same friend minus money and plus work. But I have learned a lesson—please reinstate me, my dear."

How many women of to-day—notwithstanding so many women are in professional life and making their victorious way in art and many vocations—need the same lesson?—*The Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The prayer meeting. Is it your thought and purpose to attend it week by week? Do you so arrange your business? You entertained some friends at your home last week. Were you careful having the reception on prayer meeting night? You took a business trip to a neighboring town and did not return till midnight. Did you plan things so you would not have to be away on the prayer meeting night? That particular evening is the Lord's. Let it always be pre-engaged—scarcely pre-empted. Allow no ordinary thing to break in upon it. It is your standing engagement with God and the church.—*Epworth Herald*.

Chinese Girls Slaves.

On the border of "Chinatown," in San Francisco, there stands a neat, square frame-house, surrounded by a well-kept garden, which is used as a mission home for young Chinese girls of the city, who have been rescued from the peculiar form of child-slavery which prevails among the Chinese, or who seek or are given refuge from distress and degrading surroundings.

It seems to be a well-established fact that young Chinese girls—even girls in their infancy—are sometimes bought and sold among the Chinese of San Francisco; and so remote are these people from American customs and influence that it is practically impossible for the laws to prevent this practice, or to rescue its victims, unless specific acts of cruelty can be proved.

In this mission house any wretched or homeless Chinese girl can not only find a secure refuge, but may learn, at the hands of kind American women, how to do many kinds of useful work.

The inmates learn, moreover, what are rarely understood among the Chinese of San Francisco, the virtues and benefits of cleanliness, order, fresh air and light.

The girls who have found shelter in this home spend much of their time upon embroidery, fancy work and sewing, in all of which they show a natural facility. They wear the Chinese costume and are often found at work on the facings of their wood-soled slippers or on their *foos*, as their silk or cotton trousers are called.

How competely accustomed the Chinese of San Francisco are to the idea of selling their female children is illustrated by a story told by a young lady who is held in great esteem by them. Among this young lady's Chinese friends was a woman, who sought to provide for herself and her four little children by binding slippers for a Chinese factory.

Her husband smoked opium constantly and gave her no assistance. They lived in a damp basement, and had not sufficient food.

The young missionary not only carried food to this family, but spent much time in instructing one of the children, a girl six years old, in English, in order that she might be better able to earn money and help her mother. The child fell ill, and the missionary went to take her nourishing food. During one of these visits, the mother made her this proposition:

"Miss Emma, you buy baby. I no feed him, baby all so hungly. You buy baby—I got sell him!"

"Him" was a baby girl. As the mother grew, the child had already a small market value with some speculator, because, when she grew older, she could be sold for a considerable sum.

The Chinese girl slaves are generally purchased by the speculators when they are under twelve years of age, and are afterward sold as wives or servants. They are often, indeed put to regular day labor at an age when a white child might be considered too young to send to school.

The young girls in the mission home are a gentle, sweet-voiced little band, and in this respect there seems to be a radical difference between them and the Chinese boys at the public school provided for them.

These boys, it is said, are often very rough and ungentle fellows. The teacher of this school says that he has frequent occasion to quell small riots among them, and that it seems impossible to teach them American ideas of good behavior in the school-room.

The places in which some of these Chinese children dwell, when at home with their parents, seem quite uninhabitable. In one two-room tenement five women were found living with their children, in a space not exceeding ten by sixteen feet square. There were two small windows in the outer room, but no window in the sleeping-room. In this room bunks were built in tiers, one over another, on both sides of a narrow passage-way. No light or air was admitted save by the door, and here all five families slept. The living room was six feet square.

The most wonderful thing about the matter was that the children looked well and happy.

Many of the girls who are sheltered and taught in the mission home leave it, when their work in it is done, to become the wives of respectable Chinese merchants, and they carry with them to their new homes many American ideas of cleanliness and beauty.—*Marie Frances Upton.*

Puzzled About God.

"I am a widow confined to my room with sickness, and my kind unselfish daughter, who is sorely needed to take care of the house, is almost worn out with taking care of me. It is but a little while since my beloved husband died. My faith is staggered and it is terribly hard to say "Thy will be done!" I am puzzled about God's dealings. Send me a word of comfort if you can. All these things are against me."

The writer of this pathetic note is not the only true Christian who is puzzled about God. There may be hundreds of others like her among my readers who need a similar word of comfort. The trouble with you, my good friends, is that you are demanding an explanation of your heavenly Father's dealings. If God would take you behind the whys and wherefores of his mysterious providence, where were the need of your faith? You would walk by sight, as probably the angels do. God says to your troubled and fainted heart, *Trust me!* You virtually re-

ply, Yea, I will trust just as far as I can see, and no farther." You demand that your loving Father shall explain every step he takes; whereas he is continually saying. Be still, my child, and know that I am God.

The patriarch Jacob was puzzled in the same way when he uttered that pitiful complaint. "All these things are against me." Was it against Jacob that his favorite son Joseph was taken from him to become the prime minister of Egypt? Was it against him that Benjamin was carried off in order to return laden with his brothers bounty?—Did God make any mistake when he tried the patriarch's faith and taught him some sweet lessons by bitter experience? The puzzle was solved in Jacob's mind when the wagons returned from Egypt and brought him such wonderful tidings that he exclaimed, "It is enough, it is enough!" Fifty years hence who will be proved to be right—you or God?

Your whole difficulty arises from the narrow and finite character of our minds. We see only the merest fragment of our heavenly Father's plans and then go off and question the whole. This is as absurd as if we were to pronounce on the contents of the Lenox Library from reading a single page in the first volume we took down from the shelves. We find fault with a shower if our garden needs dry weather, or if we want a fair day for an excursion. We judge God childishly—finding fault with the tapestries of his providence before they are finished in his loom. We judge him from wrong points of view. As I have had occasion to say before in these columns, we are on the *under-side*, the dark side of the overhanging cloud. The sorrowing widow who sends that pathetic note is weeping on the dark side, while her departed and glorified husband may, from the heavenly heights, be gazing on the celestial side of its overpowering brightness. Our judgments are utterly finite. Who can, by searching, find out God? Now, we must be content to know only in part, and to see through a glass darkly. What you consider a spot on the sun of God's love is only a spot on the glass you look through, or else a diseased spot on your poor eyes. If you will borrow his spy-glass from the grand old hero who wrote the epistle to the Romans, you will discover this glorious signal in the upper sky. All things work together for good to them that love God! See to it that the Devil does not sour your heart towards your Father, or turn the sweet tenderness of trust into the gall of murmuring unbelief.

After all, what wretchedly silly and short sighted children we are! Only spelling out the alphabet in God's infant school, and yet aspiring to a seat in his cabinet! How differently our life stories will read when we have a chance to correct them in the clear light of heaven. Then we shall discover that under the head of "Accidents" there was written

as in invisible ink, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposing thereof is of the Lord." On the page that we had surrounded with black lines and inscribed it "Obituaries," we shall see how distinctly a divine finger has written, "Whom I love I chasten." Beside the record of that very husband's death, this disconsolate widow may yet write "I thought that God meant it for evil but I found that he meant it for good."

Some of the hills of life are very steep, my friends, and can only be climbed by the sure foot of faith and with a steady hold on the everlasting arm. In the dark chamber we are often thrown down on our knees.—Cry as loudly as we may in the driving mist for "more light," we receive only the answer, "Fear not; only trust!" If we unloose our grip on God's hand for a moment we go over the precipice. But the more tightly we cling the less puzzled and dizzy we shall become; the more willing we are to be humbled, the more certainly we shall get on upward; and by and by we shall reach the gate of pearl, and as Christ's hand opens it, there will burst on us the ineffable flood of glory! He was a wise Christian who, instead of puzzling and tormenting himself about his trials, wrote these calm, honest words:—

"To have each day the things I wish
Lord seemeth best to me:
But not to have some thing I wish
Lord, seemeth best to thee."

"Henceforth then let thy will be done!
Though mine, Oh God be crossed;
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown
Myself in thee till lost!"

—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in *Evangelist*.

Martyr Seed and Martyr Fruit in Africa

Once more has missionary soil been consecrated with martyr blood, and once more has that blood proved to be the seed of the church. The publication of Bishop Hannington's diary, with its record of the calm fortitude and triumphant joy with which he met his fate at the hands of the savage king of Uganda, shows that what Bacon calls "the miracle of martyrdom" is still possible in an age so little schooled in suffering for Christ. And we have not forgotten how, on the news of this murder reaching England several months ago, more than twenty-five young men offered themselves, within a few weeks, to go to the field on which the martyred bishop had fallen. And now the tidings of a yet more sanguinary persecution reach us from this same field. The native converts have been massacred with the most fearful tortures—a dozen butchered, many mutilated, several speared, and thirty-two burned alive on a single pyre. And yet with the news comes also the record of twenty-disciples baptized since the slaughter, and openly confessing Christ in the face of almost certain death. All this sets us to thinking, and reckoning how the graveyard of Africa is becoming a God's acre, ripening and reaped with the fruits of abundant missionary conquest.

Livingston, found kneeling in death in his tent by Lake Bangweola, was not the first who died upon his knees, praying for Africa. The good Moravian, George Schmidt, went to South Africa in 1737, but after gathering and baptizing a few disciples, the jealousy of the Dutch colonists was so roused against him that he was driven from his work, and compelled to return to Europe. Like a pioneer in exile, he pined for his missionary field but in vain. At seventy-six years of age, going one morning to his little chamber, as was his daily habit, to pray for Africa, he returned not; and on entering in, they found him dead upon his knees, as though his weary heart had at last broken under its burden for his poor Hottentots. Strange and beautiful avenging of Providence was that when, half a century later, missionaries from the same body went out and took up the work of their dead brother, they found near the crumbling walls of his abandoned house a noble pear tree which he had planted whose wide-spreading branches constituted for five years their church-roof and school-house. What harvest has ripened from these martyrs' tears in a hundred years! As the result of Christian missions in South Africa, the Rev. George Thompson, a former missionary in that country, estimates that there are now two hundred thousand members of the various churches, thousands in high schools, besides hundreds of thousands of children in common schools.

"Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up," were the words which Melville Cox asked to have inscribed upon his tombstone. This devoted young Methodist, gifted, consecrated, and with flaming heart for Christ, had given his life to Africa, going out in 1833; but the deadly cline brought him to the grave ere he had hardly begun his work. Yet the prayer which that silent tombstone in Monrovia has been holding up to God for half a century has been wonderfully answered. Thirty-three missionary societies, according to a recent estimate, are now working for Africa. They are compassing the Dark Continent about on every side, like the divisions of an investing army, moving in toward the center to close upon the last strongholds of cannibalism and the slave-trade. And now on this field of West Africa, where Cox thus fell, "there are over forty thousand members of the various churches, besides hundreds in seminaries preparing for preachers, and thousands of children and youth under Christian instruction, and hundreds of thousands who have heard the gospel."—Thompson.

Never was Africa so unlikely to be given up as to-day. The heroic Gollat, of the French Mission to the Senegal, was a true prophet. Both he and his wife fell in the battle with hardship and fatal climate within a year after reaching their station, but his farewell words were: "Do not be discouraged

if the first laborers fall in the field. Their graves will mark the way for their successors who will march past them with great strides. These successors are coming forward to-day faster than the sluggish missionary zeal of Christians at home can provide for them. Recruits for Africa are abundant. O that there were consecrated wealth to send them forward!"

Samuel Crowther we may not call a martyr, indeed, we commit the anachronism of saying that his martyrdom came at the beginning of his life. Rarely have pathetic suffering and outrage been crowned in the present world with such honor and distinction. Stolen from his African home in boyhood; sold into slavery; exchanged from one degrading bondage to another; once bartered for the ignominious price of a few pounds of tobacco; nevertheless he lived, was made free and educated, and to-day is a Bishop of the church of England. Under his cultivation the Valley of the Niger has been made to blossom like a garden. There are three thousand communicants in his diocese, and best of all there is a missionary society which is now sending men and planting stations in other parts of Africa. Was ever the path from deepest humiliation to highest honor more signally marked than in the career of this colored Bishop?

And what marvelous fruit is now springing up from the early grave of lovely young Adam McCall, of the Livingston Inland Mission! The founders of this mission may well have wondered at the mysterious dealing of God in allowing this noble pioneer worker and many of his companions to fall so prematurely on the banks of the Congo. But one soweth in tears, and another reapeth in joy. This mission but recently passed into the hands of the American Baptists, and great is the harvest in which they are now rejoicing. Adam McCall's last words, as caught and recorded by one who was with him at his death, were: "Lord, I gave myself, body and soul and spirit, to thee. I consecrated my whole life to thy service; and now, if it please thee to take myself instead of the work which I would do for thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done." And now that will is done in the field which the young missionary sanctified by his prayers and death. "For this is the will of him that sent me," says Jesus, "that every one that seeth the Son and believeth on him may have everlasting life." Within the past few months, at Banza Manteka, one in the line of stations which McCall helped to plant, a thousand converts have been gathered to Christ and made partakers of everlasting life. Who says that God is a slack paymaster, or that the blood and tears shed for him are as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up? He does not settle with his workmen at the end of the week or year, but he settles at last; and it would greatly strengthen our faith if we would diligently study his pay-roll, observing the sacrifices and sufferings set against each name, and then tracing through history till we find the corresponding recompense. The principle and the promise are equally expli-

cit "Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We see the dying grain, but the harvest is so remote that we often fail to trace it to its seed.

We have spoken of fruit in conversions; we are reminded to speak also of fruit in the translated word. Who that has read it can forget the story, as told by himself, of Robert Moffat's translation of the last verse of the Scriptures into Sechnana? Single-handed he had nearly completed the task of turning the entire Bible into this African dialect. And now, as he reached the final verse of Scripture, he was so overpowered with joy and awe that for a moment he was compelled to pause. He arose and walked the room; his heart beat like the strokes of a hammer; the feeling came over him that he must die, so intense was his agitation, and he only found calmness by throwing himself on his knees and pouring out his heart in praise to God for having spared him to finish his task. Seed or fruit shall we call this? Both, no doubt; "seed to the sower and bread to the eater." And now look upon the growing harvest of African versions. Mr. Cust, of England, who has given special attention to the subject, says that the Scriptures have been translated, in whole or in part, into sixty-six of the dialects of Africa, while the whole Bible has been rendered into eleven languages spoken by multitudes of natives. Blessed streams of life irrigating that vast desert! "When thou, oh Lord, didst die on the cross," said an old reformer, "thou didst put the spirit of life in thy word, and gavest it power to make alive through thine own dear blood, as thou thyself sayest, 'The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and life.'" What life shall come to Africa through these translations in recompense for manifold precious deaths?

The seed has been planted in multitudes of graves, the first-fruits have been gathered. God grant that soon the harvest may wave like Lebanon!—A. J. Gordon, D. D.

How to Keep the Faith.

It was part of Paul's solace when he came to die that he had "kept the faith." What did the heroic apostle mean? What the English king meant when he arrogated to himself the title, "Defender of the Faith"? or, what the theologian might mean, who should urge his claim to such a title, as founded upon his evidences, his logic, and his acumen? Did Paul conceive the faith as a treasure to be hoarded and guarded? Were his reminiscences so satisfactory because he had hugged the faith to his breast as something so rich that none might hope to take it from him, until they had first destroyed him? In his old age, did he congratulate himself upon his fidelity in keeping watch above the faith, committed to him as a trust, from which he had been able to warn all meddlers away? What evidence is there that Paul thought of the faith as a system of abstract truth of which he was a warder, merely? Was not the question of loyalty a personal question, to him? The faith was the Christ. The elements of it were not abstractions of the mind, but facts of history and experience. To keep the faith was

to know and assert the facts which composed it. Paul was a missionary not a theologian. He looked back upon his life with satisfaction, and pardonable complacency, because it had been from the first day of his surrender to Christ, a constantly loyal devotion to his Lord; for whom he had "suffered the loss of all things"; to know whom, and to make him known, had been his one aim. His keeping of the faith had been neither apologetic nor polemic; it had been, rather, a positive and direct service for man, prompted by love, in making known the Christ. In a word he had kept the faith by spreading the faith. With industry, enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, he had gone everywhere, heralding the Christ the Saviour of men. The longer he had done this, the less likely his own faith's decline. The more he wrought the less possibility that he would waver. The vitality, the increase of his own fellowship with Christ had been preserved and promoted by the exercise of his apostleship. Because he had labored so ardently the faith of other men in the gospel had flourished so abundantly. As a recognized force and factor in the life of man that gospel had never been so strong in the world, as when Paul, in Rome, could say, "I have kept the faith." He had wrought by love; and the very movement of the faith, active in him, had kept it pure and made it great. It is the flowing stream that is ever clearing itself; the moving waters that win tributary streams. The way to keep the faith is to spread the faith. The way to enlarge the faith is to scatter the faith abroad. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." is a proverb as applicable to truth, as to corn or money. The believing ages of the church have been the missionary epochs of her history. The missionary, the evangelist, the herald of the Christ of every order, or in none—these are the true defenders of the faith. When they cease their aggressive labors the faith must wane. It is a truth for the humblest disciple, as well as for the wisest scholar in the things of Christ. The way to keep the faith is to spread the faith.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

Sabbath Conversation.

To say that in many cases the serious impressions derived from a sermon are dissipated in the church aisle, or the church vestibule, or on the way from the church to the home, is to make an apparently sweeping assertion, and yet it is not an exaggerated statement of a familiar fact. For in the transit from the pew door to the church door there is time for trivial gossip, for an airy criticism on the music, on a friend's new gown or bonnet, on a neighbor's wrap, or a child's change from kilts to trousers—for much that is insignificant. Mrs. E was pen-

etrated by an arrow of divine truth as her pastor preached, but Miss D., herself a professing Christian, withdrew the quivering dart by a thoughtless reminiscence of yesterday's gayety, or an impulsive bit of planning for to-morrow's frolic.

In times of revival it is always obvious that there is reformation here. People go and come to God's house, and from it again, and their faces are earnest, their voices hushed, their spirits are absorbed in devotion, even while they walk the street. An arrest is for the moment laid on the impulse to worldliness which so interferes with heavenward progress and holy thoughts.

Of Sabbath conversation at home—not in those exalted moods when it is easy to live on a high plane, and when the soul is conscious of breathing in a divine atmosphere—but in the common experiences of our lives, what shall we say? First, that it should be regulated by principle, and not left to the accidents or emotion. A thoughtful English writer, commenting on the text, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words condemned," remarks that our thoughts may be beyond our control, but our spoken words are within our power. To a large extent this is true. We may speak, or refrain from speaking, and we may choose our own themes. To limit our range of talk in the household to strictly religious topics would hardly be possible or desirable, especially since the attempt would result in perfunctory conversation which would have little real vitality; but the spirit of Sabbath's talk should be religious and not secular.

Week-day subjects and engagements can be put aside with the week-day work, and the patterns and prices of new gowns, the shortcomings of servants, the comparative merits of different physicians, the enchanting strains of the last concert, the beauties of the art gallery, or the interest of the novel which at present enjoys the greatest popularity, are all secular, and let down our minds and our talk from the higher to the lower levels. It is not absolutely essential to home happiness on the Lord's day that there should be a great flow of talk; even if we are somewhat quiet and a little subdued in manner and speech, that might be for our soul's profit.

But I know Christian households to which the pearl of days brings no unwelcome restraint in which, indeed, the table and the library and the drawing-room are brighter, and wear the air of being ready for a dear and honored guest, even the King of kings. There is a soberness, but no sadness; there are loving looks and gentle tones; there is a tender hush before church time, which sends old and young to the sanctuary with hearts prepared for devotion and the reception of instruction; there is an alert, eager interest in the Sabbath school, and the lessons of the day, which furnishes one admirable topic for

conversation; there are hours when the older sister or the mother sits at the piano, and the children gather about her and sing hymns; and often there is outspoken joy and congratulation over the conversion of some wandering soul, over the admission to the church of some one who will henceforth follow Jesus, wherever the great Captain leads.

The persons most responsible for the tone of Sabbath conversation at home are, naturally, the parents. They, rather than the young people, may gently erect a standard, and maintain what it demands. Father and mother may not be able to think beforehand of topics fit for the day, but they may avail themselves of suggestions from the pulpit or the religious paper. It is a good plan habitually to discuss the sermon after the return from the church, and at the midday meal. If it is the family custom to do this, the listening will be more attentive, and there will be neither confusion nor consternation among the boys and girls if they are asked to repeat the text. I am often grieved at the careless hearing which is evident from the attitude of many church-goers, and only in the family can this be corrected.—*Congregationalist*.

Am I a Christian.

How am I to feel and what am I to do if I become a genuine Christian; what are solid evidences that I have come into the fold?

Search yourself honestly, thoroughly, dig down deep, clear down under mere emotions and lay your foundation on the solid rock. To shed tears, to rise for prayer in a meeting, to go into an inquiry room, to feel happy are not in themselves Bible tests of regeneration. Our Lord struck down miles deeper than all these when he said: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The new birth is the beginning of new light. The prodigal son in the parable had been dead and was alive again. Being found and coming to life are described as the same thing. If you are alive, you ought to know it. To prove yourself with such close questions as these: Have I begun to hate the sin I used to love? Have I given up the practices which the Bible and my conscience condemn? Do I pray earnestly to be delivered from all sins? Do I watch against it? Have I submitted my will to Jesus Christ, to let him rule me and own me and guide me? Do I distrust myself entirely and trust Jesus Christ only? Do I feel a real satisfaction in doing right and trying to please God? Have I begun to feel such an interest in others that I want to do them good? While the Holy Spirit is working on me, do I work with the Holy Spirit? Do I honestly endeavor to live as I pray? If you can give the sincere; "yes," of your conscience and your conduct to such ques-

tions as these, you cannot be mistaken in regarding yourself as a converted man or woman. These are, Bible evidences, and when the Scriptural die answers to the stamp on the coin of character, then there is a witness of the Spirit that the work is of God. If you find such evidences as these, then you may thank the Lord with all humility that Jesus has found you and that you have found Jesus. The shepherd knoweth his sheep, but so does the sheep know his shepherd. The great fact is that life is service, the only question is, whom will ye serve?

Haw River, N. C.

J. A.

Prayer Should be a Fixed Habit.

If we have no seasons of devotion and no times in religion but such as we, take by mere impulse, or inclination, we shall be very sure to fall away at last, from all times and duties. For example, let any one take the ground that he will never pray except when he is drawn to it, and he will less and less frequently be drawn. Such a rule would gradually let down the best Christian and finally lead him away from the exercise. He may have been commonly inclined to pray; but there will be times when he is not, and then, if instead of girding himself for the duty, he yields to his mere self-indulgence, that self-indulgence, will destroy his confidence, banish his peace turn itself into habitual disinclination, and so by a fixed law, put an end to his praying altogether.

Portland, Mich.

D. E. MILLARD.

Program for the 10th Annual Session of the N. C. and Va. Christian Sunday School Convention.

TIME:—Tuesday, July 21st, 1891.

PLACE:—Catawba Springs, Wake County, North Carolina.

FIRST DAY.

- 9:00 a. m. Convention called to order by the President. Devotional exercises, by Rev. P. T. Klapp.
- 10:00 a. m. Organization, Annual address by Rev. J. L. Foster.
- 11:00 a. m. Sabbath School Reports.
- 12:00 m. Adjournment for dinner.
- 1:00 p. m. Treasurer's report, W. S. Petty, Treasurer.
- 1:20 p. m. Report of Committee on best method of conducting Sunday schools, by Rev. W. G. Clements, W. T. Herndon and F. O. Moring, Committee.
- 1:40 p. m. Report of Committee on teaching, Rev. A. F. Iseley, P. H. Fleming and J. M. Turner, Committee.
- 2:00 p. m. Report of Committee on S. S. Literature, Rev. J. U. Newman, J. D. Kernodle and Jno. M. Moring, Committee.
- 2:20 p. m. Report of Committee on S. S. Music, Profs. J. H. Moring and W. A. Ellington, Committee.
- 2:40 p. m. Report of Committee on S. S. Mission, Rev. J. W. Holt, P. H. Fleming and J. H. Harden, Committee.

3:00 p. m. Subject, The Aim and Agencies of our work, Rev. W. T. Walker, Dr. D. H. Albright, Rev. C. C. Peel and Herbert Scholz.

4:00 p. m. Adjournment.

SECOND DAY.

- 9:00 a. m. Devotional exercises, by Rev. W. G. Clements.
- 9:30 a. m. Reading Minutes, Unfinished business.
- 10:00 a. m. Subject, Our Work and Our Reward, Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., I. N. Pritchard, P. T. Klapp, and Jacob S. Long.
- 10:40 a. m. Subject, The Training of Christian Children, Rev. J. P. Barrett, D. D.
- 11:00 a. m. Subject, Is this Organization a Necessity? and what is it accomplishing? Rev. J. W. Holt, J. U. Newman, J. D. Kernodle, and Hon. J. M. Moring.
- 12:00 m. Adjournment for dinner.
- 4:00 p. m. Subject, The Week-day Work of the Sunday school Teacher, Miss Kate L. Cobb, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, Miss Irene Johnson and Miss Bula Hurdle.
- 1:40 p. m. Subject, The Essential Unity of all Christians in saving souls. Rev. N. G. Newman, Prof. J. O. Atkinson, Rev. W. H. Roach and Prof. E. L. Moffitt.
- 2:40 p. m. Subject, Temperance Work in Sunday School. Rev. P. T. Klapp, W. N. Pritchard, P. H. Fleming and D. S. Farmer.
- 3:30 p. m. Subject, How can we best secure the attendance and co-operation of the Adult Members of the Church in the Sunday School, Rev. J. W. Wellous, W. S. Petty, Rev. J. W. Hatch, Rev. C. A. Boone, W. T. Young and William Watts.
- 4:00 p. m. Adjournment.

THIRD DAY.

- 9:00 a. m. Devotional Exercises, by Rev. W. C. Wicker. Reading Minutes.
- 9:20 a. m. Subject, The Work in our Convention, by the Secretary.
- 9:40 a. m. Subject, To what Class or Age of People is S. S. Work most important and why? W. S. Petty, H. J. Stockard, S. M. Smith and W. C. Iseley.
- 10:30 a. m. Subject, Music as an Attraction in the Sunday School, Prof. J. H. Moring, Mrs. J. L. Foster, Prof. W. A. Ellington and Miss Lulu Graham.
- 11:00 a. m. Subject, Our Mission Work, its Growth and its Future, Rev. W. T. Herndon, N. B. Hunnicutt and C. H. Rowland.
- 11:30 a. m. Subject, Sunday School Visitation, by Officers, Teachers and Agents, Rev. A. F. Iseley, S. B. Klapp, E. T. Iseley and Jno. W. Fonville.
- 12:00 m. Adjournment for Dinner.
- 1:00 p. m. Miscellaneous Business and Adjournment.

J. M. TURNER,
Sec.

J. L. FOSTER,
Pres.

Application has been made for reduced rates over the different railroads. Blank reports have been sent out, but any one failing to receive blanks will be supplied by making application to the Secretary.

J. M. TURNER, Sec'y.,
Big Falls, N. C.

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan"

From Holland.

This writer enjoyed very pleasant services last Sunday, with the Cypress Chapel Christian church. Rev. H. H. Butler, the pastor, and myself, had agreed to exchange appointments, he to preach at Holland for me, and I to preach at Cypress. The congregation at Cypress was large and appreciative, though not so large, I learned, as they have the 5th Sunday, which is their quarterly meeting. I observed that there were many young people in the congregation, who, if properly trained, will be a tower of strength to the church. Bro. Butler is highly esteemed by this church and congregation. On my way back from church I called with Deacon Joshua B. Harrell, and my short stay with him and his family was made quite pleasant. He was having some sickness in his family.

I learned on my return home that Bro. Butler was greeted by a good congregation at Holland. That he greatly pleased the people by his good, Holy Ghost sermon, which was highly appreciated and enjoyed. They would like so much to have him preach there regularly.

Are we to have another preacher in the E. V. Conference soon? I should think Bro. Peel or Newman, one, could preach for us after Elon College commencement. We greatly need more ministerial help in this conference.

R. H. HOLLAND.

From Berkley, Va.

It is very seldom we see anything in our valuable paper from Berkley so I have decided to be responsible for one letter to the Sun.

Our church and Sunday school is still moving onward with bright prospects. Owing to sickness our people have been kept at home some, hence we have been out short of teachers in the Sunday school a part of the time, and when that is the case children lose interest to some extent, but we are keeping together nicely and can't complain. Our superintendent was away yesterday but the Pastor was in place for duty, and filled the position.

If the officers and teachers of our Sunday school would be more punctual we would have better schools all over the land. If they do not show their interest in the work the children will not.

We need the interest of church members, in the Sunday school everywhere. It is the

Lord's vineyard and in it is a work for everybody.

"There's a work for me and a work for you. There is something for each of us now to do."

Our pastor, Rev. C. J. Jones, Jr., is now keeping house; and the members of the church, to show their appreciation of him as pastor and a worker, gave him a surprise a few nights ago in the way of provisions, etc., for which Bro. Jones and his wife returned thanks.

Our church is progressing nicely with Bro. Jones as our leader and while we are a little involved right now, yet we have working members, who are willing to put their shoulder to the wheel and say, *all heave* and we are looking for a day in the near future when we will be easy. The Lord's work always goes forward and that people whose God is the Lord, need not stand in fear of falling.

TUCKER.

May 25, 1891.

A Trip to Southampton.

Securing a supply, Rev. R. H. Holland for Eures, third Sunday in May I made it convenient to visit in Southampton and to attend the Friends annual meeting. Having passed the first part of my life near that portion of the County, and after an absence of some years, laboring in other parts, it afforded your correspondent much pleasure to visit the place again. Saturday night was passed at the comfortable home of Mr. James Butler. There it was indeed pleasant to meet with Mr. Thomas Butler who was on a visit to the home scenes of childhood. The hours passed pleasantly away while recounting many happy events recorded on the yellow pages of time, and as page after page was turned so many early associations blended to charm the soul and enchant the imagination with matchless beauty. Sunday morning dawned upon the world with a cloudless sky, and with golden sun light blazing in the blue dome of heaven until its dazzling rays, flashing through space, and glittering in nature were welcomed by all. The soft May air loaded with sweet perfumes from lovely, beautiful flowers breathed delightfully pleasant about us, as it whispered among the dew drops, hanging like diamonds upon the grass, and glittering in the sun light. Many hearts were cheered as they listened to melodious strains floating from under the green trembling leaves of the trees, from the sweet singers of the woods. Their rich plumage seemed to charm as they flew from tree to tree sending up praises, on that glorious Sabbath morning, to Him who will not let even a sparrow "fall on the ground without your Father." Many acquaintances of early days were met, and it afforded inexpressible joy to look again into their

faces; some of which had been furrowed with the plow of time, and several whose heads were blooming with age, but whose souls appeared radiant with the joy of religious experience. I also enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of meeting one of my Sunday school teachers, who taught me at old Union when I was a boy. The name of that man is Mr. Leonard Cobb, a most worthy gentleman and citizen of dear Southampton. May the Bible, the blessed word of God, he taught me when my life was so full of hope and expectation, be the joy and comfort of his soul in his declining years, and when our work is done and we have to cross the mystic river, may we meet in our Father's house in Heaven!

"And we'll walk through the street of the city,
With the loved ones that's gone before,
And we'll sit on the banks of the river,
Where we'll meet to part no more."

But few of the old people who used to meet there were present. Some of those present were over four score years. The form once erect, strong and manly was bending under the heavy load of years; the step once so active was slow and faltering; the voice that was so full of melody, eloquence and power had become weak, and the strong men had bowed themselves, becoming tremulous with age. They are waiting, only waiting a little longer until the Master calls them away from old age and suffering to immortal youth and eternal day in the beautiful, magnificent city which He has gone to build.

The services of the occasion were conducted with much interest. A stand and seats had been placed in the grove, so that the services both in the house and grove were conducted the same time, David Sampson and Rufus King of North Carolina preached to large congregations both in and out of the house. Their discourses were pleasing and edifying to those whose desire it was to be benefited. The Friends are a very devout and faithful people, and are noted for the devotion to that part of the church which they represent. Our association with them has always been pleasant, and when an opportunity is afforded to attend their meetings it is embraced. After taking the parting hand and saying, *farewell* to many dear friends, we left for home to resume the work in which we are so pleasantly engaged, from which we took a little time to write this letter.

J. T. KITCHEN.

May 20, 1891.

No one has a right to be called a Christian who does not do somewhat in his station toward the discharge of the trust reposed in him.—*Bishop Butler.*

Religion is a chain of gold which attaches humanity to the throne, or rather to the heart, of God.—*Pournier.*

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4. 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

FIELD NOTES.

Please renew your subscription to the SUN.

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The new Hymn Book is promised to us by September of this year. We have none of the old books on hand.

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The Christian church needs at least two good colporters—who will volunteer? It is a grand good work. Who will go?

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Rev. N. G. Newman will preach at Providence church, Norfolk county, Va., next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at Berea, same county, at 3 p. m.

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Christian Thought, is edited by Dr. Deems and is a valuable publication for the thinking men of the church. Price \$2 a year. Published by W. B. Ketcham, 13 Cooper Union, N. Y. City.

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Can any one tell us what has become of the field of labor occupied by the late Rev. M. B. Barrett? Certainly it ought not to go without the services of a preacher till next fall—if anything can be done to supply it.

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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, for June is on our table and well filled with reading matter. Its opening article on New Orleans is deeply interesting and shows the prison in which the Italians were killed in March. Price \$3 a year.

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Wide Awake for May, is as bright in its contents as you please, opening with a Frontispiece. A-maying, and May Day, together with a long list of subjects entirely too numerous too mention here. It is published by DeLothrop & Co., Boston. \$2.40 a year. Monthly.

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Rev. W. G. Clements says the Durham work is doing well. He thinks one of our active young preachers ought to be put in charge of this work for next year—giving his whole time to it—that is the kind of work needed in all our city churches—a man's whole time.

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The *Herald of Gospel Liberty* declares for

loyalty to the Bible, against all innovations in doctrine and practice, by the so-called higher criticism. Amen, Bro. Watson. The SUN will stand with you on that platform. The Bible is the book of the Protestant faith—with it we stand—without it we fall.

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If you appreciate the weekly visit of the SUN to your home, show it and encourage us to greater efforts for the good of its readers, by a prompt renewal of your subscription if it has expired, which you can tell by referring to the little red slip on which your name is printed. The SUN needs all that is due it. By prompt renewals not only the editor is benefitted but the readers also.

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Mrs. Mary E. Everett returns thanks to the friends named below on behalf of Linville church for the amounts named for repairs on said church: W. J. Lee, \$2; Mrs. M. Jennie Lee, \$1; E. E. Lee, \$1; E. J. Driver, \$1.50; T. R. Gaskins, \$1; J. W. Jones, \$1; Reps Williamson, \$1; Mrs. T. R. Gaskins, 50c; Mrs. Mittie Ames, 50c; S. Winner, 25c; E. L. Everett, \$2.25.

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On account of the serious illness of his child, little Addie, Rev. J. P. Barnett's return from Virginia, where he has been for the past two weeks for rest and recreation, has been indefinitely postponed. Last reports from him say that they are recovering slowly. We hope and pray that, if it is the will of God, their restoration to health may be speedy and complete. Let them have the benefit of your prayers.

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We have received a copy of the *Musical Advocate and Family Journal*, a handsome Monthly of 24 pages, edited by R. M. McIntosh and J. W. Burke, and published at Macon, Ga., by Burke & Co. It gives promise of a high standard. In it are given several pieces of music, among which is "Rock me to sleep, Mother," which we should think worth the price of the paper for the first year, which is \$1.

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We have received the Programme of the eighth annual session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly which convenes at Morehead city, June 16-30, 1891. The Programme abounds in attractions varied and numerous, among which we mention specially an address by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., June 17th at 8 p. m.; one by Hon. M. T. Harris, L. L. D., June 12; one by Rev. J. L. M. Curry, L. L. D., June 29th; Rev. Geo. W. Sanderlin of Raleigh delivers the opening address June 17; Prof. C. D. McIver of Charlotte the annual address June 17; Prof. J. O. Atkinson of Elon College will speak June 25th.

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The N. C. *Intelligencer* of Raleigh has been

consolidated with the *News and Observer* also of this city. Mr. Jernigan, the *Intelligencer* editor, becomes one of the *News and Observer* editors with Capt. Ashe. The *Weekly News and Observer* will be sent to the *Intelligencer* subscribers. This arrangement promises a live daily in the *News and Observer*, for Capt. Ashe and Mr. Jernigan are both accomplished writers and men of extensive information. We rejoice in the possession of able and broad minded newspapers—they are great powers for good when directed and controlled by God fearing men.

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In the recent controversy between Dr. Yates of Durham, and the Evangelist W. P. Fife, and others, on the value of societies, such as Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U. and others, to the cause of Christ, Dr. Yates claimed that if the Church could not do the work needed, and which the said societies were seeking to do for the church that then Christ and his apostles had failed to give the world such an institution in the church as the world needs. Dr. Yates' idea is that the work undertaken by all of these societies should be, and could be, better done by the church, and that therefore there is little or no need of the societies. In response to this point Dr. Geo. W. Long of Graham, N. C., tersely says. "If Dr. Yates will raise the Standard of the church to the same degree of proficiency and usefulness which it had when it came from the hands of Christ, that then his position will be tenable but till then he does not dare to say that the church does not need the aid of the 'Societies.'" What do you think of it, Dr. Yates?

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We have received the first copy of the *American Christian*, a Monthly, published by the American Christian Convention and edited by our excellent brother, the Rev. J. J. Sammerbell, D. D., 2021 W. Norris St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 25cts a year. The first number is interesting and shows work. The price, is however, too low—it can not be a financial success at 25cts a year. It is well worth 50cts, and that ought to have been the price of it. There are very few who will take it at 25cts. who would not just as readily have taken it at 50—then its financial strength would have been about doubled. Unfortunately for the Christians, most of our enterprises are undertakings on too cheap a plan, expecting the men who manage them to make up what deficiency may occur from this source, by down right hard work. The result has been more than once the death of the manager from overwork, having an enterprise, struggling for existence, all because we planned on a narrow financial basis. We trust this drift in our work may some day meet an incoming tide of a different, character—may it come soon.

PERSONALS.

LEWIS.—Mrs. R. P. Lewis of Albany, N. Y., says: "I like the SUN in its new form very much—indeed it is handy and bright."

FOSTER.—Rev. Jas. L. Foster, pastor of the Raleigh Christian church, has recently received four members to fellowship in that church. The congregation is growing and the work is hopeful.

STROUD.—The Rev. W. T. Stroud, has moved from Union Ridge, N. C., to his old home near Chapel Hill, N. C. He is a young man of real merit and worth, and we are always glad to hear that he is doing well. Chapel Hill is his P. O.

ROBERTS.—Deacon B. F. Roberts of Windsor, Va., desires a clear statement of a deacon's duties. Will Revs. J. W. Wellons and W. S. Long, D. D., be so kind as to accommodate him and many others, who feel no doubt as Deacon Roberts does?

MORING.—We are pained to say that our young brother, Mr. A. F. Moring, had his hand badly mashed while in the discharge of his duty on the Norfolk & Western R. R. recently. He is a son of Bro. W. L. Moring of Durham, N. C., and a nephew of Prof. J. H. Moring.

HOLT.—Bro. S. M. Holt of Pittsboro and Probate Judge of Chatham Co., N. C., is one of the SUN's good friends. He has our thanks of a late remittance for himself and others. His father, the Rev. Jno. R. Holt, of blessed memory, left an impress upon the Christian church which will not soon perish.

BALLENTINE.—One of the most active, as well as one of the brightest, young men of the Christian church is Bro. J. Erastus Ballentine of Wake Co. He is a splendid farmer and is making a big success of it. He ought to be a lay-member of the next General Convention from the N. C. and Va. Conference.

VAUGHAN.—Mrs. Ida M. Vaughan, of Como, N. C., says: "Count me a life time subscriber. The words CHRISTIAN SUN without anything else are worth \$2 a year to me, as a weekly reminder of my church and denomination, both of which I dearly love." Such friendship the SUN highly appreciates, more because it shows that the love of its subscribers is for the church rather than for individuals.

LONG.—Dr. W. S. Long, jr., second son of the Rev. Dr. Long, of Elon College, has recently graduated in Dentistry, and now

sets up at the College for the practice of his profession. His card appears in the SUN, and we commend him to those in need of his services. We like to see our young men filling places of usefulness. Let us encourage them in every reasonable way.

Will Your Excuse Save You?

We have often been surprised at the flimsy excuses many professing Christian offer for non-attendance at divine worship, and the inconsistency of their actions. We think the following is worthy of a reading:

"A lady who had not been to church for a year, when her pastor asked her the cause of her absence, replied: 'Well, we haven't had good enough clothes; then, the children are small, and can't be left alone; and I have had the rheumatism; and the horses work so hard during the week they're not able to be driven on Sunday; besides they are not shod; and the roads are bad, and it's a long distance, and we can't walk because it's uphill all the way there and all the way back—that's the reason we stay at home.'

"Her wants were innumerable; but there was one want she did not name, which overshadowed all the rest—she wanted the *will* to go to church. I do not say this is the reason many do not become Christians. There may be obstacles between you and the Christian life that I do not know. If so, if you have a sufficient excuse, keep it—yea, write it out, inscribe it on marble, cast it in bronze, that it may never mold.

"Keep it—cherish it. It may be your only escape from condemnation.

"When you come to the hour of death, clasp it to your heart; take it with you to the grave.

"When the trump of God sounds, convey it to the throne, and show it to the Judge. If it will be sufficient there, it is sufficient here."

IS THERE A GOD?

Historical Proof That Can Not Be Refuted.

To my mind the historical proof of the existence of God, which is supplied us by the history of the religions of the world, has never been refuted; and can not be refuted. It forms the foundation of all other proofs, call them cosmological, ontological, or teleological; or, rather, it absorbs them all, and makes them all superfluous. There are those who declare that they require no proof at all for the existence of a Supreme Being, or, if they did, that they would find it in revelation. Suppose they wanted no proof themselves, would they really not care at all to know how the human race, and how they themselves, came in possession of what, I suppose, they value as their most precious inheritance? Do they really think that in this case an examination of the ancient title deeds might safely be dispensed with, while with regard to much less precious holdings it is considered a plain duty to guard these documents with the greatest care? An appeal to revelations is of no avail in deciding questions of this kind.

The history of religions teaches us that the same appeal to a special revelation is

made, not only by Christianity, but by the defenders of Brahmanism, of Zoroastrianism, and of Mohammedanism, and where is the tribunal to adjudicate on the conflicting appeals of these and other claimants? The believer in the Vedas is as thoroughly convinced of the superhuman origin of his ancient hymns as the Zoroastrian of that of the Gathas and the Mohammedan of that of the Surahs; and the subtle arguments by which each, but more particularly the Brahman, supports his claims, would put some of our ablest casuists to shame. The followers of every one of these religions declare their belief in the revealed character of their own religion, never in that of any other religion. Many persons believe, and believe honestly, in visions they have had themselves, never in the visions claimed by other people. We may appeal to revelation in the court of our own conscience, but, before the court of universal appeal, we require different proofs for the faith that is in us.

Our belief in God as the author of all that exists, whether we call him father, or creator, or supporter of the world, has its deepest, its only living roots in that ancient, universal stratum of thought which postulated an agent in the sky, the sun, the fire, and the storm wind; which was not satisfied with the mere play of appearance in nature, but yearned to know what it was that appeared; which felt the limits of the finite in all its sensuous perceptions, and in feeling the limits, felt at the same time the presence of something that was beyond those limits. This dissatisfaction with the finite, this struggle after the non-finite, this search for an agent for every act, or a mover for every movement, whatever shape it took, whatever name it claimed, forms the primitive and indestructible foundation of man's faith in God. If it is taken away, people may indeed have dogma, and may have creeds, but they can not have their own ineradicable conviction that there is and that there must be a God. Dogma can supply no argument against atheism. Dogma is what my excellent colleague at Edinburgh, Mr. Hutcheson Stirling, has very truly called mere *Vorstellung* which requires for its philosophical foundation the Begriff. But that Begriff has a history, and it is this history of the Begriff which to my mind is the true, because unanswerable, answer to all atheism.

I should go so far as to say that the history of religion is the best proof of religion, just as the growth of the oak tree is the best proof of the oak tree. There may be excrescences, there may be dead leaves, there may be broken branches, but the oak tree is there, once for all, whether in the sacred groves of Germany, or at Douona, or in the Himalayan forests. It is there, not by our own will, but by itself, or by a higher will. There may be corruptions, there may be antiquated formulas, sacred writings may be flung to the wind, but religion is there, once for all in its various representations. You can as little sweep away the oak tree with all its millions of seeds from the face of the earth as you can eradicate religion from the human heart. The history of religion teaches us that the one everlasting conviction on which the whole of natural religion has been built from the beginning of the world is true. That is the conviction that there is an infinite behind the finite, that there is an agent behind all acts, there is a God in nature.—Prof. F. Max Müller, in *Christian World*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—How brightly God's glad sunshine greets us this morning, and how bright will be your smiling faces when you see so many nice letters this week from the cousins. I hope the Corner will always be as well filled with bright letters as now. But, children, don't neglect the BAND, it needs the dimes and half-dimes to make its work successful. With all our bright gladness comes the sad news from Dear Uncle Barry, who is now in Virginia, that he is no better, but is rather worse the past week; and poor little Addie is very sick. Now children, let us pray earnestly, fervently, that, if it is the will of our Heavenly Father, they be restored to health and their recovery be speedy and complete.

I would like to know how many of the cousins belong to Christian Endeavor Societies and if you enjoy the work you have to do in them as "active members." May you continue active in good works and all be devoted Christians is my prayer for you.

Cordially,

UNCLE TANGLE.

NORFOLK, Va., May, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I will write as I have not written in a long time. I saw so many nice letters I thought I would write. I was shocked to hear of Bro. Rick's death. It is very sad, and so is Bro. Barrett's—he was so old. I will ask the cousins a question: Which is the longest chapter and the longest verse in the Bible? Love to all the cousins and Aunt Minnie. I must close; from

MATTIE WHITE.

Mattie, we would like to hear from you oftener. I hope you are trying to be as God wants you—a good Christian, working for the cause of Christ as best you can. There are so many letters this time that your verse had to be left out for want of room.

NEWS FERRY, May 23, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As my school has closed I will now try to write to the Corner. I am so sorry to hear of your illness hope you have entirely recovered ere this. I like uncle Millard's verses so much and his letters are so nice too. Wish he would write oftener for our Corner. Last first Sunday we had quite a treat, Mr. Klapp brought Mrs. Klapp and little DeWitt with him. Little DeWitt is so sweet and talks so interesting. I will close with love to Aunt Minnie and Uncle Barry, best wishes for the band.

Lovingly,

LIZZIE PIERCE.

Lizzie we are glad to hear from you again but so sorry to say Uncle Barry is not well. Let us hear from you often and send something for the Band.

VICKSVILLE, Va., May 28, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—It has been some time since I last paid you all a visit I hope

you will all welcome me back again. I think the Corner is so nice. It becomes more interesting every week. I do not think Uncle Tangle seems like a stranger among us, his letters are very good. He gives us so much good advice. "Count that day lost whose low descending sun, views from thy hand no worthy action done."

I send a dime with my prayer that it may help a little.

Lovingly,

SARAH C. JOHNSON.

Yes, Sarah, we certainly do give you a hearty welcome and want you to write often. O how earnestly we should strive not to lose a single day. Our day may be jewels in our crown in glory or they may be as thorns to us in eternal torment—just as we use them.

COURTLAND, Va., May 27, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I have never written a letter to the Children's Corner, I thought I would try to write a short one this week. I think we had the largest rain yesterday I ever saw fall. I have been reading the CHRISTIAN SUN every week since last Christmas and I like it very much. I also enjoy the cousins letters, they are the first thing I look for when I can get hold of the SUN. I have been sick but I am better now. I am a little girl eight years old. I will ask the consins a question: Where did Jesus go to when he left the feast of the dedication at Jerusalem. I hope I will be able to send some money by the time I write again. Well, I will close with much love to all

I remain yours,

LOLO A. BEALE.

Lolo, we are glad to get acquainted with you and glad that you like to read the SUN. We hope you will always be one of its readers and a bright worker for the Gospel of Christ. You will, won't you?

COURTLAND, Va., May 28, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I have been reading the SUN and enjoy the letters so much I thought I would write myself. It is a very disagreeable morning. I like to read the CHRISTIAN SUN. I like to read the new SUN better than the old one. I am a little boy eleven years of age. I will answer Mary McCanley's question: It was Job's three friends that sat on the ground seven days and seven nights without speaking to each other. Am I correct? It is found in the 2d chapter of Job and 13th verse. I will ask the cousins a question: What season of the year was it when Jesus was at the dedication? I must close. Love to all.

EARNEST L. BEALE.

Earnest, we are glad to have you with us this week and hope you will come often. Some of the cousins will answer your question. O, how glad we are for the rain that comes to water and revive the plants and all the earth. Let us thank God for the rain as well as for the beautiful sunshine.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., May 14, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As to day is rainy I thought I would write to you. I was so glad to see so many nice letters in the SUN, but was sorry to know you were so sick. I hope you are better ere this. How sorry we were to hear of Mr. Ricks' and Mr. Barrett's

death, but I hope they are better off. There are so many deaths it makes me feel so bad, but the Lord knows best who to take away. I go to two Sunday schools. We have a nice Sunday school at Franklin school house and a good prayer meeting. We will have a children's day the third Sunday in June. How is little Addie; I hope she is well by now. I will close with love to you and all the cousins. I haven't any money this time.

Your little niece,

MINNIE BRINKLY.

Minnie, we are glad the day was rainy if it made you write for us. Hope it will rain often. Uncle Barry is well enough to travel some and is now in Virginia for a little rest. Little Addie, we hope is improving, she is with Uncle Barry and Aunt Minnie in Virginia.

MORTON'S STORE, N. C., May 27, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I am glad to see so many nice letters in our Corner of late; hope it will continue so, for I dearly love to read them and more especially Uncle Millard's. I hope he will write often and give us some more nice verses. I was sorry to hear Uncle Barry was sick; hope he is well by this time. Thanks to Uncle Tangle for his kind letters—I think they are real nice. I must tell the cousins about the foot washing I was at the first Sunday in May, at the Primitive Baptist church. They did as the Scripture reads, "girded themselves with a towel and washed one another's feet." I will ask Uncle Barry a question: If the Baptist wash one another's feet, why not other denominations wash one another's feet, or, did our Saviour's example to his disciples mean all his people should follow it. I must close.

Love to all,

LEONA KERNODLE.

Leona, we will leave your question for Uncle Barry when he returns from Virginia. We are so sorry to say that Uncle Barry is no better and also that little Addie is quite poorly. Let us all pray for them. Write often for we like such nice letters.

How to Love God.

A woman once said to her pastor, "I do love God very much, but want to to love more. How can I?"

"You must become better acquainted with him," was the reply. "We love those who are worthy of our love in proportion as we become acquainted with them."

"How can I get better acquainted?" she asked.

"Study the Bible more," he said. "God speaks to you, reveals himself to you in the Bible. Read in the New Testament the life of Jesus, and imagine you had been with him, as John, and Peter and Mary were.

"And pray more. Tell him all your joys and troubles and needs. He will answer you, and every answer will draw you closer and closer to him.

"Then try to please him in everything you do and say. We always love those whom we try to please—Love makes us wish to please the Lord, and love rewards us when we have done it."

The woman followed those rules, simple as they were, and her love to God grew and spread all through her heart."—*Word and Work*.

Hearing the Word.

The preaching the word of God is the great means divinely appointed to make known the glorious gospel, to convert the impenitent, to edify Christians, and to extend the Church. But if it is the duty of the minister to preach, it is equally the duty of the people to hear. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Hearing is placed in connexion with preaching, and is one of the great instrumentalities in the salvation and sanctification of the soul. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved, How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" The preaching and hearing of the word of God are, therefore, according to divine arrangement, the principal means of making known and receiving the gospel to the salvation and sanctification of the soul and bringing the world into subjection to Christ.

It is not impossible, in the use of the many and various appliances now employed in the service of religion and the many societies for Christian work, to overlook the importance of attendance at the sanctuary and hearing the word of God. There are those who grow weary of the sermon which explains, applies, and enforces the word of God. They prefer a discourse treating of history, literature, art, politics, or whatever may be at the time uppermost in the public mind. And so heavy does the pressure become that there are pastors who, in opposition to their better judgment yield to the demand of the "itching ears," to the great injury of themselves and their congregations. This is to destroy the power of the pulpit and to pervert an office divinely established.

It is the duty of the minister to preach the word of God in all its fulness, earnestly, continuously, and not spasmodically, and not merely something he may infer, conceive, invent, or imagine from it. And it is equally the duty of the people to receive the word of God in the same way. If they do not, they have no right to expect to be profited by it. It is when "the word of God" is heard in this way, that "it is quick and powerful and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and the marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Poor preaching is bad enough, but poor hearing, of which we are afraid there is a large amount, is far worse, as it keeps the impenitent from learning in the way of life and the Christian from growing in grace. There is much said of poor preaching; it is about time that something should be said of poor hearing.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

The Man that Fell Out.

Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside and the former said:

"Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in prayer."

It was done and when the prayer was over, the man that had sought the interview said:

"Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied. "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you."

The quarrel was settled from that hour; and there are several difficulties that might be settled the same way. Try it.—*Common People.*

Keep Busy.

If you expect God to choose you for a great work; be busy; he seldom selects idlers. When he wished a deliverer for Israel, he went into the wilderness for Moses, who was watching sheep; when he wanted a man to save his people from the Midianites, he sent for Gideon, who was threshing wheat; when he wanted a man after his own heart to be king of Israel, he sent for David who was keeping sheep. Idlers do not suit; the Lord wishes those who are not only willing to work, but who are hard at it. Idlers are too often lazy, and that may be the cause of their idleness. Such seldom have enough ambition to take care of themselves, let alone caring for the Lord's work. But idlers suit Satan exactly. He likes such as have no ambition, for they make the best slaves. The devil wants slaves for his work, but God wants something better. He wishes men and women who have ambition, who take an interest in their work; he wishes servants who are anxious to rise, for he means to promote them some day. From servants he adopts them into his family and makes them his children.

—*Forward*

God's Plowing.

I was walking once in the early spring, along the country road. Just over the stone fence yonder there was a broad field, smooth as a floor, and most exquisitely arrayed in the fresh spring greenness of its grass. It seemed to me my eyes had rarely fallen on

a sight so lovely. But ripping right through that smooth and pleasant greenness there was being dragged a plow, and the fresh beauty of the fair sward was being turned under from the sun and air, and only the ugly brown soil was being turned outward, and all the fair and radiant scene was being changed and scarred. "Why?" I ask myself. I do not have to wait long for an answer. The "chastisement" of the fair field was in order that the autumn might find it golden with the more precious harvest of the wheat. Well, God's plowshare cuts, but never for the simple sake of cutting; always for the sake of results of character—fairer, sweeter, nobler. There is benign design behind our chastisement. "Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."—*Wayland Hoyt.*

A Queenly Teacher.

No woman is, perhaps, more popular or so thoroughly beloved throughout Europe as is the Princess of Wales. By a uniform graciousness of manner, manifest on every occasion, she has endeared herself to almost every being in the kingdom. Her popularity exceeds even that of Queen Victoria. Wherever the Princess appears there is an assemblage. Her tastes in dress form the tastes of the English women. That she is a good dresser the whole world knows, combining style with a perfect knowledge of what is becoming in dress.

But it is in her domestic life that she has, perhaps, exerted the greatest influence. Her common sense in the training of her children has been the means of educating thousands of girls throughout Great Britain whose parents have followed the methods of their royal example. She taught her girls to cook, not from generalities, but by practical lessons in the kitchen, giving one hour each morning. Then she took up with them the art of dressmaking, and London tailors concede that her suggestions—and now those of her daughters—are frequently superior in value to those of their own designers and fitters.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Church Paupers.

The fact is that the pastor of a church is one of the hardest worked men in the community, and earns a great deal more than he receives. He ought, therefore, to insist that the church shall pay him a fair compensation for his services in money and not in pound-party donations and second hand bed clothes. Many an old woman, who is amply able to pay \$50 a year towards the support of her pastor will withhold her cash and send the preacher's wife a calico bed-quilt or a basket of vegetables with a card bearing the inscription. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee!" The old fraud! Preachers should not be mercenary, of course, but it is a duty they owe themselves and their dignified calling to demand fair compensation for their work and to decline the alms gifts of those who treat God's ministers as "the Lord's poor." Let the preachers stand up boldly for their rights and people will stop treating them as church paupers.—*Danville Register.*

The Shipwrecked Freethinker.

There was an evil hour when once I slipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind; I said to reason, be thou my captain; I said to my own brain, be thou my rudder; and started on my mad voyage. Thank God it is all over now, but I will tell you its brief history. It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went the skies began to darken, but to make up for that deficiency the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy. I saw sparks flying upward that pleased me, and I thought, if this be freethought, it is a happy thing. My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both hands; but anon, instead of these coruscations of glory I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship, and dragged me on, while I in part gloried at the rapidity of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old landmarks of my faith. As I hurried forward with an awful speed I began to doubt my very existence, I doubted if there were a world, doubted if there were such a thing as myself. I went to the very verge of the dreary realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. I doubted everything. But here the devil foiled himself, for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of that sea, there came a voice which said, "can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death dream, which, God knows, might have damned my soul and ruined this my body if I had not awoke. When I arose faith took the helm; from that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back; faith cried: "Away, away!" I cast my anchor on Calvary; I lifted my eye to God; and here I am alive, and out of hell. Therefore I speak what I do know. I have sailed that perilous voyage; I have come safe to land. Ask me again to be an infidel, no, I have tried it; it was sweet at first but bitter afterwards. Now, lashed to God's Gospel more firmly than ever, standing as on a rock of adamant, I defy the arguments of hell to move me, for "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him."—*Spurgeon.*

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Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

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Yours very truly,

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Be Careful How You Talk in the Family.

How strange it is that we do not think more of the importance of conversation in our home life. Children are such imitators and take in so much that we do not think they are capable of understanding.

The discussion of the faults of others which they hear in the home circle often gives them a prejudice against very good people. We have our sins of omission and commission, as well as our neighbors, and should be very careful about injuring our friends by talking over their faults before young people, who have not yet learned how to be charitable, and how to make allowances. Any one who has watched children at play cannot have failed to see how closely they imitate their elders.

"Walk in, I am so glad to see you, Mrs. White," said one little girl to a make-believe caller. "Take a seat. Don't be in a hurry to go. Really must you go?" And when the imaginary caller had taken her departure, the little hostess exclaimed, "I'm glad she didn't stay any longer. She talks so much that she tires me out!"

The home topics should be bright and interesting and improving both in character and education. We should be careful to leave out gossip and sensational stories of all kinds. There is so much prominence given to details of horrors in our daily papers, that young people in reading them gets false ideas of life. In England, not long since, a society was started that pledged itself to tell only the good things that were done in the world and to make them prominent, instead of the evil things that form such a large part of our daily papers and many persons' conversation.

Teach the children to be true, pure and just, having the conversation of an elevating character. Let the influence over them of our talk be Christlike, teaching them to think no ill of their neighbor, and giving them a high sense of honor in their daily living.

It was from his father's conversation at the fireside, that the late Heinrich Schliemann received his bent toward archaeological research. The discoveries of Pompeii and and Herculaneum were frequent topics of talk in the Lutheran clergyman's home in Mecklenburg, and the father enjoyed reciting verses from Voss's German Translation of Homer, awakening thereby an enthusiasm in the young boy's mind for the exploits of the Greek and Trojan heroes. Years of disappointment, however, and drudgery in uncongenial labor, preceded his great career, and he was nearly fifty before he began his famous excavations in the Troad, which were succeeded subsequently by digging still more famous with result at Mycenae. His most wonderful discovery is the genuineness of Homer himself, and the substantial truthfulness of his great poems.—P., in *Evangelist*.

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Cameron,	5 54	4 20
Southern Pines,	6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave "	7 40 p m	
" Ghio	7 59 p m	
Arrive Gibson	8 15 p m	

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Leave Gibson	7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio,	7 18	
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38	
Leave "	8 00	5 00
Southern Pines,	8 58	7 40
Cameron,	9 26	9 31
Sanford,	9 52	10 55
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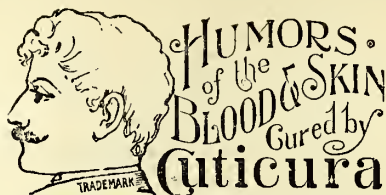
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